

"THE DAILY MIRROR" WILL BE ONE PENNY ON MONDAY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,162.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1917

One Halfpenny.

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE—POOR PRODUCTION FOR $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
OR THE OLD HIGH STANDARD AT 1d.?



Contrast these two photographs. One is dull and "smudgy" and the other is clear and "sharp," bringing out every detail. The first one shows the printing of the future at 1d.

and the second one the old high standard which at 1d. we shall continue to maintain. Of which is the better policy there can be no two opinions.



The sinking of the Falaba by a submarine.

The monument to Captain Scott and his comrades.

A tank in action on the western front.

Three of the historic photographs which have appeared in *The Daily Mirror*. To illustrate each of these stories we paid £1,000, and at a penny are prepared to do so again.



The Daily Mirror is everybody's paper, and the munition girl always buys it to see how her work is "strafing" Fritz.

On Monday, for reasons which have already been explained, the price of *The Daily Mirror* will be increased to 1d. The cost of producing a daily picture paper has increased nearly threefold since the outbreak of the war, and *The Daily Mirror* was thus faced with two

alternatives, either an increase in price or a complete change in the quality of product. The increase, however, is only temporary. When peace "breaks out" we shall revert more to the nimble halfpenny.

ITALIAN AND FRENCH TRANSPORTS SUNK.

Loss of the Minas with Part of the Troops.

1,450 SAVED ON ATHOS.

Rome, Friday.—The transport Minas, which left for Salonika on February 13, was torpedoed without warning on the 15th by an enemy submarine about 160 miles west of Cape Matapan.

Part of the troops on board were saved by ships which came to the rescue.—Reuter.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

The Messageries Maritimes mail steamer Athos, carrying the Chinese mail and transporting Senegalese Tirailleurs and colonial labourers to France, has been torpedoed in the Mediterranean by an enemy submarine.

The mail boat was escorted by two destroyers, the Mameluck and the Enseigne Henry, which, with the assistance of a French gunboat that arrived shortly afterwards, saved 1,450 persons.—Reuter.

Mr. Koblinger, United States Consul at Malta, says a German New Washington message, has informed the State Department that on the occasion of the French liner Athos being torpedoed an American Presbyterian missionary, Mr. Robert Allen Haden, of Marshville, Tennessee, lost his life.

SUNK AT SIGHT.

It is now known, says Reuter, that the Belgian relief ship Euphrates, which was recently sunk by a German submarine while on a voyage from Rotterdam to Sandy Hook, had actually been provided with a German safe conduct.

Further, the Euphrates had been displaying the special markings of the Relief Commission. Notwithstanding these facts, the vessel was torpedoed without warning, and sank in four minutes, only one member of the crew surviving.

DANGER ZONE DASH.

PARIS, Thursday Night.—A telegram from Bordeaux says advice has been received that the American steamer Orleans is now approaching the French coast, and by to-morrow should be definitely out of danger.—Central News.

The Lokal-Anzeiger (quoted by the Exchange Amsterdamer correspondent) says that it is quite possible that the American steamers Orleans and Rochester may escape the German submarines, but America should not rely on their doing so.

In Berlin political circles (adds the telegram) it is believed that the commanders have been definitely instructed not to torpedo these American ships.

BRAZIL DEFIANT.

GENOA, Friday.—The Brazilian warship Caera has left here in accordance with instructions from her own Government without conforming to the rules laid down in the German Note to neutrals of January 31.

She expects to arrive at Marseilles to-night.

STRANDED U BOAT.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—The German submarine U 30 has stranded on the Zealand coast between West Kapelle and Domburg.

A Dutch officer has gone aboard and removed the wireless apparatus.

The vessel is a small one and carries one gun and a crew of sixteen.—Central News.

A later message states that the submarine has been towed into Flushing.

BERNE, Friday.—The German Press is now explaining that the submarine campaign cannot bring the war to a speedy end, as most Germans have been led to believe.—Wireless Press.

"We cannot expect our submarines to achieve another Bartholomew's massacre. Germany is struggling against a terrible and very powerful enemy. We are only at the beginning of the final struggle."—Wireless Press.

Germany's acts of piracy are rousing Spanish public opinion to a fever heat of indignation, says a Reuter message from Madrid. It has been proved that a U boat depot of explosives was established at Cartagena and that men from a submarine were landed.

DUMMY AIRMAN TRICK.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—According to a telegram from Ymuiden a steam trawler from Antingen reports having encountered in the Maas Lightship and the Schouwen an anchored model of a seaplane, in which dummy figures dressed as an airman.

A German submarine which observed the putting out a boat and saw that the trick was discovered, fired several shots, which the machine to sink with a violent explosion.—Reuter.

FOR BRITISH CONSUL

Friday.—A telegram from Groningen says the Den Haag reports that a German boat at the hotel where the

was housed. There were containing explosive devices were attached. It is reported that persons have been arrested.—

10. "DAILY MIRROR" AN ASSURED SUCCESS.

Many Messages of Congratulation and Approval from Leading Men and Women.

MR. CHURCHILL: 'WELL WORTH 10. IN PEACE OR WAR.'

The announcement that *The Daily Mirror* will be published from Monday next at a penny has met with an immediate response.

If any doubt existed as to the success of a departure taken in the interests of illustrated journalism such a doubt was dispelled yesterday by the chorus of approval which reached *The Daily Mirror* from representative men and women of the country.

These messages of congratulation and goodwill mean that the country is behind *The Daily Mirror* in its determination to maintain the high standard of illustrated daily journalism throughout the war.

The penny *Daily Mirror*, in fact, is already an assured success.

It should be thoroughly understood, of course, that the present rise in price, so far as *The Daily Mirror* is concerned, is a war measure.

With the return of normal conditions *The Daily Mirror* will be published again at a halfpenny.

The following are some of the telegrams received by *The Daily Mirror*:

Sir Arthur Pinero—

"Necessity knows no law, as the egregious Bethmann Hollweg said with less justification. Let us plunk down our pennies with a good grace, hoping that peace will soon be with us and our indispensable *Daily Mirror* once more a halfpenny."

Mr. Winston Churchill—

"The *Daily Mirror* is well worth a penny in peace or war."

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C.—

"Have been a constant subscriber to your paper since its first appearance and shall not discontinue at the raised price. If the question is one of reducing quality or increasing price, I say unhesitatingly 'increase price and continue your present standard of news and advertisements.'"

Mr. Arnold Bennett—

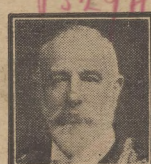
"Haselden and your attitude about the size of fanlies make you worth the money. Hence I approve the increase."

Mr. Bernard Shaw—

"Why not make it a shilling?"

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs—

"The wonder is that you were ever able to maintain your high standard at the price of



Sir William Treloar.



Sir William Dunn.

halfpenny. You will be no less popular for a penny.

Canon Haslock Potter (vicar of St. Mark's, Surbiton)—

"I fully approve the raising of the price in order to maintain the excellent standard *The Daily Mirror* has reached."

Mr. Landon Ronald (Principal of the Guildhall School of Music)—

"Certainly approve of raised price. Far better than lowering standard. Best wishes for success."

Marchioness Townshend—

"Why only a penny?"

Mr. E. Huskinson (Editor of the "Tatler")—

"As a regular reader of your wonderful paper I would infinitely prefer that you should raise its price than drop its quality. It has for years past always been worth more than a penny."

Sir Harry Johnston—

"I regret, but submit to necessity. Yet it is more than ever necessary that the Press should continue functioning with the greatest efficiency, as it has become the people's great organ of government, of safety value from indignation and revolution."

Mr. Warwick Brooks, M.P.—

"Having regard to the restricted importation of paper, higher wages to employees and the general increase in expenses, I regard increase of price as inevitable if the high standard of



Mr. Arnold Bennett.



Mr. Bernard Shaw.

The Daily Mirror is to be maintained. I thoroughly agree with your policy."

Mr. J. L. Garvin—

"Action should be universally followed to maintain newspaper efficiency."

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild—

"I feel convinced that the price will not inter-



Lady Byron.



Lady Townshend.

fere with the recognition of the excellence of your paper."

Mr. Oswald Stoll—

"If by making *The Daily Mirror* a penny you can help to win the war, I approve, for victory is worth a profit."

Mr. H. W. Thornton (general manager G.E.R.)—

"Deterioration of product is the forerunner of failure. If an increased price is necessary to maintain the high standard of your paper, *The Daily Mirror* reflects the views of its readers."

Bishop Welldon—

"Strongly approve of your policy of raising the price in order to avoid fouling the standard of *The Daily Mirror*. The cheapness of newspapers is one of the marvels of civilisation, and readers will, I hope, cheerfully pay a penny for halfpenny newspapers in wartime."

Sir Thomas Mackenzie—

"Quite approve of the advance in price. The excellent quality of *The Daily Mirror* justifies it."

The Lord Mayor (Sir William Dunn)—

"Increase fully justified; still cheap at the price. I wish you every success."

Sir William Treloar—

"I think you do quite right to preserve the paper's high standard."

Mr. Clement Shorter (Editor of the "Sphere")—

"Your journal has always been well worth a penny and my subscription will not fail you. All good wishes for continued prosperity."

Lady Byron—

"I think *The Daily Mirror* would be cheap at any price, for it always is, truly with the



Sir T. Mackenzie.



Mr. Marshall Hall.

magic of the necessary words, words that are alive and walk up and down in the hearts of their readers."

Commander Carlyon Bellairs, M.P.—

"A penny I will gladly give. For *Mirrors* which both please and live."

Sir George Alexander—

"Can quite understand the pressure of the time. Moreover *The Daily Mirror* is worth far more than the increase demanded."

Lord Lonsdale—

"I perfectly understand that for various war reasons the price of high-class newspapers must be raised, and I see no objection to the raising of the price of your publication to a penny so long as the public are assured of a paper of high-class standard."

Miss Violet Loraine—

"Certainly a penny, and cheap at that."

Lord Claud Hamilton—

"Consider you are fully justified in raising your price to one penny. You will thus preserve the high character of the paper and maintain the excellence of its illustrations. I feel sure the public will approve."

Sir Thomas Lipton—

"No one could grudge an extra bawbee for their morning *Daily Mirror*. I am only surprised that its price has not been raised before now."

BIG BRITISH ATTACK ON THE TIGRIS.

Two Trench Lines Secured at Sanna-i-Yat.

PUSH EAST OF KUT.

BRITISH (MESOPOTAMIA) OFFICIAL.

Since the clearing of the Dabra Bend all our efforts have been concentrated on the taking of the Sanna-i-Yat position, on the left bank of the Tigris, east of Kut-el-Amara.

Systematic bombardments have been carried out daily since the 17th inst, when our attack failed, and all preparations made for a renewed effort.

This attack was launched on February 22, and two lines of trenches at the south end of the position were secured and consolidated. Fighting is still proceeding.

Heavy rain has caused the Tigris to rise to flood level, thereby hindering operations and making the supply of the troops on the left bank a matter of some difficulty.

BRITISH GAIN GROUND IN NIGHT ATTACK.

Bag of Over Thirty Prisoners—Hostile Raids by Enemy Repulsed.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday.

8.32 P.M.—We improved our position during the night north of Gueudecourt, where we captured a portion of hostile trench, together with over thirty prisoners and a trench mortar.

We also gained ground south of Petit Miraumont, where we occupied an enemy post.

A successful raid was carried out yesterday evening by our troops south-east of Souchez.

A number of the enemy were killed and his dug-outs were destroyed.

At dawn this morning hostile raids were repulsed south of Armentieres and in the neighbourhood of Ploegsteert Wood. A small number of the enemy were successful in reaching our trenches were killed or taken prisoners.

The enemy's artillery has been more active than usual in the neighbourhood of the Somme and south of Arras.

We carried out an effective bombardment of the enemy's trenches south of Ypres.

FRENCH SURPRISE RAIDS.

French Afternoon Communiqué.—Two camps de main executed by us against the enemy trenches, the first to the south-west of the Malancourt Wood, the second to the east of Mouilly (Heights of the Meuse), enabled us to bring back some twenty prisoners.

Night Communiqué.—There was artillery fighting in Alsace and Lorraine.

In Champagne our artillery caused a big outbreak of fire in the German lines near the Butte du Mesnil.

We repulsed two enemy coups de main, one to the east of Soissons the other near Bezonvaux.—Reuter.

German.—At some places in the Artois and on the Somme front and also between the Meuse and Moselle reconnoitring engagements but a limited extent developed.—Admiralty and Wireless Press.

LONDONERS' RECORD RAID.

From a Special Correspondent.

FRANCE, Thursday.—A raid, which in the number of prisoners taken establishes a record for raids by British troops, was the work of London men—men who two years ago were for the most part clerks in City offices.

The raid was the work of a group of men, volunteers, who had been specially trained in the art of bombing and searching of trenches.

The place chosen for the raid was a small German salient to the east of St. Elloi (south of Ypres), between the Bluff and Hill 60.

Three minutes before five o'clock on Monday evening a furious uproar on his lines warned him that something was about to happen immediately.

The Londoners remained in the enemy trenches for about an hour, and they brought back with them a German officer and 113 prisoners (Prussians).

They captured seven machine guns, of which they brought back five; and they think they accounted for about 300 Prussians in all. Their own casualties, which were all brought in, were slight.

"CANADA IN FLANDERS."

The second volume of "Canada in Flanders," by Lord Beaverbrook (Sir Max Aitken), which is expected shortly, and which is founded on official records, tells how the Canadian Overseas Forces in the field have fought and bled from Flanders to the Somme.

Covering the period from September, 1915, to July, 1916, the book supplies the only detailed description of the fighting on this particular sector of the Western front.

NATION'S CHOICE—GRAVEST MEASURES OF DISASTER

Drastic Reduction of Imports, Says the Premier in Great Call to Country.

LESS TEA, FRUIT AND PAPER TO COME IN.

Premier Gives Five Years' Wheat and Oats Guarantee to Farmers—Luxuries to Go.

How the Prime Minister proposes to solve the pressing tonnage problem by a drastic cutting down of our imports was explained by him in a momentous speech in the House of Commons yesterday.

The main features of his speech were:—

RESTRICTED IMPORTS.

Paper—Imports to be reduced to 640,000 tons. Restrictions on use of posters. Apples, Tomatoes and Certain Fruits—Imports prohibited altogether. Oranges, Bananas and Nuts—Imports to be strictly 25 per cent. Tea, Coffee, Cocoa—Foreign tea prohibited, and to a certain extent imports from India. There is a large stock of Coffee and Cocoa, and import must be stopped. Foreign Tea would be that from China, Java, etc. Aerated, Mineral and Table Waters would be prohibited. Canned Salmon—Reduced by 50 per cent. Brewing would be cut down to 10,000,000 barrels per annum, which would effect a saving of 600,000 tons of foodstuffs. There would be a corresponding restriction in spirits, in order not to drive public taste from beer to spirit. Meat—We must to a larger extent depend on home-grown meat. Rum—Prohibited.

AGRICULTURE.

Farm Labourers to have minimum wage of 25s. a week. Farmers to have the following guaranteed prices:—Wheat—68s. a quarter this year; 1918-19, 55s.; 1920-21-22, 45s. It would then come to an end. Oats—38s. 6d. this year; 32s. in 1918-19; and 24s. for the next three years. Potatoes—45 a ton for the coming season.

TIMBER AND IRON ORE.

Substantial economy must be made in the use of timber. There was sufficient in the country to last out the war, if only they had the labour. Ships for the import of iron must be found at all costs.

WARNING TO NATION.

Food stocks are lower than they have ever been. We may have to choose between diminishing military efforts or underfeeding people. The situation was one that called for the gravest measures to deal with it promptly. No speculative buying or cornering to raise prices above those of this week. Lord Devonport to assume entire control of supply and prices.

"If," said the Premier, "all the programme is carried out, if those who can help at production do help, if all those who are called upon suffer restrictions, then honestly I say we can face the worst that the enemy can do—the worst. That is what we are prepared for."

"LOWEST FOOD STOCKS ON RECORD."

Mr. Lloyd George's Plan to Beat the U Boats. DEMAND FOR SACRIFICES.

"The ultimate success of the Allied cause depends, in my judgment, on our solving the tonnage difficulties," began the Premier.

Since the war began there had been an enormous increase in the demands on our tonnage. There was the transport for the Navy and Army, for our expeditions in France and Eastern waters, and our Allies had made considerable demands.

THE SUBMARINE MENACE.

Over a million tons had been allocated to France alone. Very considerable tonnage was also set aside for Russia and Italy, and the balance left for the ordinary needs of the nation was only about one-half of the whole of our tonnage.

In the last four or five months the ratio of the sinking of our ships by submarines had increased, and this month, owing to the very special efforts made by Germany, had been the worst.

The Germans had concentrated upon building submarines to destroy our mercantile marine, fully realising that that was the only effective way of putting out of action what they considered the most formidable item in the Alliance.

THREE REMEDIES.

The situation was undoubtedly one that called for the gravest measures to deal with it promptly. If we took it in hand at once and took very drastic measures we could cope with the peril.

If we did not—if the nation was not prepared to accept drastic measures—he did not hesitate to say there was disaster in front of us.

He was there with all the responsibility of a Minister to tell the House and the nation that the Government were proposing measures, and they meant to propose measures, which they thought would be adequate.

As to the submarine menace, the Government was hopeful of dealing effectively with it, but we should be guilty of criminal folly if we waited our action or our policy on a tranquil anticipation of being able to realise that hope. (Hear, hear.)

We must be able to carry the war through to a victorious end, however long, even if we failed to hunt the submarines out of the deep. There was no sure foundation for victory except that. (Hear, hear.)

A good deal of our tonnage had been sunk and would be sunk. We could never obtain complete immunity from piratical attacks.

Therefore the problem of tonnage must be dealt with ruthlessly and promptly. The measures were three-fold:—

1. Measures to be taken by the Navy.
2. The building of merchant ships.
3. To limit our needs for overseas transport by dispensing with all non-essentials—(Hear, hear)—and producing as much of the essentials of life as we could at home. (Hear, hear.)

He was convinced that an increase of building could be obtained by the introduction of payment by results, but that would involve an undertaking on the part of the employer that where good wages were earned there should be no reduction of the rate. (Hear, hear.)

It was really essential that we should get as much work as possible out of the yards, not merely for the mercantile marine but for the building of craft for coping with the submarines at sea.

SACRIFICE OF FORESTS.

The next method of dealing with the problem was home production. The article of greatest bulk which consumed our tonnage was timber. Last year we imported 6,400,000 tons of timber. Of this two millions were pit props.

A committee on this subject had suggested that a good deal might be saved by economy in the use of timber, and arrangements had been made for going into the question both here and in France.

The home matter was by making the Army in France self-supporting. The French Government had already placed two forests at our disposal, and we should have to ask them to make still greater sacrifices.

The third method was developing home supplies and making this country self-supporting during the war in timber. He was not sure we had not got practically all the timber we required for the duration of the war, providing we could get the necessary labour for cutting and transporting it.

There was a considerable number of workmen and foresters on large estates who were asked to volunteer, and they would also need thousands, if not tens of thousands, of unskilled workmen as well.

The next heaviest item was iron ore. We

were importing millions of tons, and could not cut down the supply by a single ton.

We must find ships for this at all costs, unless there were means of finding those materials in this country.

He was informed that the supply of iron ore might be increased by millions of tons if we had the labour to work fully the mines in Lincolnshire and Cumberland.

The skilled labour could be found, and for the unskilled he must trust the people of the country to place their services at its disposal.

Then there was the question of the production of food. The State in the past showed a lamentable neglect of agriculture, and about four or five millions of acres were out of cultivation.

At the moment about 70 to 80 per cent. of our important foodstuffs came from abroad and our stock of food was low—lower than it had been for years.

It was largely due to the bad harvest, not to submarines, but it was essential for the safety of the nation that we should put forth every effort to increase production for this year. It would be easier to do this if we had commenced some time ago. (Hear, hear.)

There were only a few weeks left for the spring sowing, and it was urgently necessary that farmers should be induced to increase the area under cultivation at once, otherwise we might have to choose between diminishing our military efforts, which would be disastrous, or under-feeding the population.

MINIMUM WAGES.

This choice Germany had had to make, and she had chosen rather to under-feed her population than to diminish her military power and strength. It was a choice we wished to avert if we could—and we could. (Hear, hear.) It would be easier to do this if we had commenced some time ago. (Hear, hear.)

They would not get the labour back to the land from the Army without a minimum wage. Another factor was the minimum wage of 25s. per week under Mr. Neville Chamberlain's scheme. They proposed to take that figure.

In Great Britain a wage of 25s. would be guaranteed to every able-bodied male between the ages indicated in Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, with special provision to deal with cases of men not able-bodied.

The guarantee of wages was during the period that they guaranteed prices, and not merely for the period of the war.

If they had not interfered in the potato crisis the price would have risen to an enormous extent.

Plough is our hope. You must cure the farmer of his plough-fright. Otherwise you will not get the crops.

MINIMUM PRICES.

To stimulate food production the Government would guarantee the following minimum prices:

WHEAT.		OATS.	
Year.	Per Quarter.	Year.	Per Quarter.
1917	80s. 0d.	1917	38s. 6d.
1918-19	55s. 0d.	1918-19	32s. 0d.
1920-22	45s. 0d.	1919-22	24s. 0d.

The guarantee for potatoes for the coming season would be 48 per ton minimum, but if the State commandeered potatoes the price would not be fixed without the consent of the Boards of Agriculture in England, Scotland and Wales.

A minimum wage would be paid to able-bodied male workers on the land of 25s. per week during the period of State guarantee of minimum prices.

After this guarantee he hoped farmers would put their backs into the work and so help to defeat the greatest menace that had ever threatened our shores.

Agriculture could never again be neglected by any Government. The war had taught us that the preservation of our essential industry was as important a part of national defence as the maintenance of the Army or Navy.

The saving of tonnage by the means he had indicated depended on several things, and the fruition of these plans must come later.

The lives of our gallant sailors must not be risked on the carriage of any goods not essential to national safety. (Cheers.)

The essential commodities were the food and clothing and the maintenance of equipment of the Army and military population both here and abroad, raw material for munitions and equipment of war and for the industries which were essential to the national life or the national defence.

The question of dispensable and indispensable imports had been gone into by Sir Henry Abingdon Smith's committee.

(Continued on page 10.)

WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF THE PROPOSALS.

Covent Garden and Mincing-lane on Restrictions.

BREWERS STARTLED.

The opinions of people on the new proposals are given below.

President of the Royal Agricultural Society (Mr. Adam)—Expressed gratification that the conversion of the fixed prices for cereals for the 1917 crop into guaranteed minimum prices entirely accorded with the policy advocated by the society.

Brewers—"So far as the brewing industry is concerned this is a fair knock-out blow," said a member of the Brewers' Society. He also ventured the opinion that beer would soon be retailed at a shilling a pint.

Covent Garden—The announcement that apples and tomatoes are to be prohibited altogether has come as a bombshell to Covent Garden.

A member of the firm of Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs and Co. said the announcement that apples were to be totally prohibited was no more than a surprise to the trade.

"The measures are most drastic," he said. "Such a fruit is looked upon in the trade as one of the most, if not the most, essential food product. Also there is no other fruit which requires less sugar."

"I never thought that even the Government would interfere with the import of bananas," said another merchant. "Look at the great

5 BRITISH SHIPS SUNK.

The following sinkings were reported yesterday:

British steamers, *Belgier* (4,588 tons); *Walfield* (3,012 tons); *barque, Invercauld* (1,416 tons); *smacks, Energy and Menarch*.

Captain and crew of twenty-two (one seriously injured)—landed after eight hours in open boats.

number of City people—especially in these times of economy—who make their dinner off a couple of bananas."

Mincing-lane.—A well-known City tea merchant said the restrictions would tend to make foreign tea rise in price.

Mr. Crosfield, of Messrs. Twining, Crosfield and Co., said: "The effect of the restrictions probably will be that there will not be enough tea to go round, and the price will likely go up, unless the Government take some other action with the matter. Stocks in this country are lower than ever they have been before."

Paper Trade.—A member of the firm of Spicer, Brothers said that the cutting off to be done was to accept the position philosophically. "It is a serious blow, however," he said, "and will have far-reaching results."

The further restriction of imports will probably cause the closing down of some paper-making mills in the United Kingdom because of the impossibility of obtaining raw material.

Another well-known merchant said: "A large number of newspapers will have to close down. I expect the local publications will be the first to feel the pinch. As for the daily papers, they will have to come out with single sheets."

"NO WHITTLED DOWN."

Mr. Runciman, commenting on the Prime Minister's proposal in the debate in the House of Commons yesterday, remarked that as long ago as last February he had adopted the restriction of imports.

He did not think our Allies realised what hardships we submitted to in this country, because owing to the difference of temperament we did not make a fuss about them.

The shipping entering our ports was now doing better work than ever it had done in the past.

Mr. Lloyd George, answering Mr. Runciman, announced the total exclusion of rice in view of existing stores being sufficient for the Army.

It is understood that the Government will resist most strongly any attempt to whittle away any of the proposed restrictions.

Mr. Walter Long said there would be a reduction of 10 per cent. on the 1513 importation of wine and brandy.

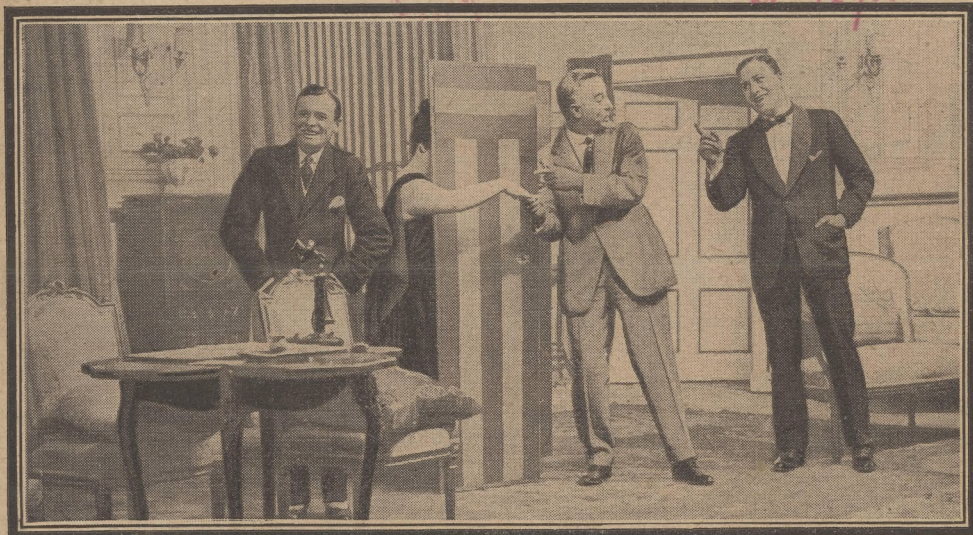
HATS AND BONNETS BA

A detailed list of the restrictions in imports as announced by the Premier, are the subject of a Royal Proclamation in last night's *Gazette*.

Among other things mentioned are:—Hats and bonnets, brandy, fancy goods, as Paris goods, gloves, canned lobsters, painters' colours and pigments, manuf.

of silk, soya bean, articles and preserved condensed milk and wine.

OLD-FASHIONED FARCE AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.



Pedro likes a good arm—but he little thinks that it is that of his wife. His friends do.



Anatole has a good time.



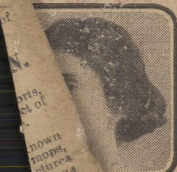
The Prince desires knowledge.

Three scenes from "The Spring Song." The Prince, who on hearing the song falls in love with the next woman he sees, is played by Mr. Bruce Winston. Mr. Cecil Ward is Pedro and Mr. E. M. Robson Anatole.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

FROM FRONT.

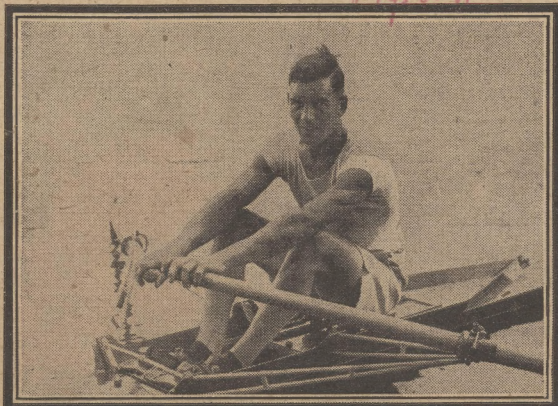


icked up on a battlefield
France. It is signed,
Yours, Betty. Will
owner please claim?



at Alex-
bered to
landed

WELL-KNOWN SCULLER WOUNDED.



Lieutenant R. Dibble, the Toronto sculler, who is lying wounded in a London hospital. He competed in the Diamond Sculls at Henley Regatta in 1914, when he was beaten in the semi-final by the Italian giant, Guiseppe Sinagaglia, who won the championship by beating C. M. Stuart.

DECORATED.



Sapper J. Jordan, R.E., who has been decorated with the Military Medal by his G.O.C.



Cpl. Sheldon, who has won the D.C.M. for his bravery in France. He is also in the Engineers.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

relieves the pain of
SPRAINS, BRUISES,
RHEUMATISM, CHEST
PAINS, SORE THROAT,
NEURALGIA, HEADACHE

No matter what causes your pain, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment laid on the affected part will stop it instantly. No rubbing is necessary—Sloan's Liniment goes right to the seat of the trouble, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues, and the pain is felt no more.



Two Applications Completely Cured.

Mr. J. B. Riley, Kilmacleague, Co. Waterford, writes:—For at least three weeks I suffered terribly from a pain in the small of my back, and tried various remedies

but of no avail. I was beginning to get quite hopeless when I saw your advertisement of Sloan's Liniment. Thanks to your wonderful remedy after two applications I was completely cured. Hundreds of people have given their testimony to the wonderful relieving power of Sloan's. If you have never tried it get a bottle to-day from any chemist, 1/14 or 2/3, or apply for

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address and 3 penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86 Clerkenwell Road, London.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS.

Unredeemed Pledge Sale.

Special Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.

SENT P&T FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS.

Don't Delay. Write at Once. IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS. Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c. Illustrated Fur List Now Ready. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

15/9 Baby's Long Clothes, magnificent parcel, 40 articles; everything required, exquisite embroidered American Robes, &c.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; 189; worth £210/-; approval willingly.
27/6 Real Coney Musquash Seal; elegant long wide Wraps or Stole, and extra large Pillow Muff; perfect skins, beautifully satin lined, exceedingly handsome; to other worth £410/-; sacrifice, £27/6; approval willingly.
67/6 Lady's real Coney Musquash Seal Coat, 35-in. long, exceptionally fine quality, latest Paris model; originally £121; sacrifice, £27/6; approval willingly.
13/6 Gent's 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also double Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Compass attached; indistinguishable from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 13/6; approval.
4/9 Lady's Necktie, Heart Pendant attached; set 4/9; Parisian pearls and turquoises, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) nibel, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4/9; approval before payment.
12/6 Gent's fashionable Double Curb Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, heavy solid links, 126; approx. 126/6.
17/6 Lady's choice 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Expanding Watch Bracelet; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; was free trial, 17/6; sacrifice, 17/6; approval before payment.
36/6 Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Bracelet; it is very pretty; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; originally £25; reduced to £11/6.
25/6 Superb quality Blanket; magnificent parcel, containing 6 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; worth £1; sacrifice, £2/6; approval.
3/9 Lady's 18-ct. Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Persian pearls and turquoises; 3/9.
8/6 Massive Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; solid links, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great sacrifice, 8/6; approval before payment.
19/9 Lady's Troussseau; 24 superlative quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knives, Combinations, &c.; worth £21; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.
19/6 Magnificent set of real Russian Furs, very elegant rich dark sable brown animal shape Stole and large Muff; worth £20/-; together 19/6; approval before payment.
21/- beautiful animal Fox shape Tango Stole and extra large Pillow Muff, latest Paris style; together 21/-; approval before payment. Illustrated Fur List now ready.
9/9 Army Service Pair of fine Blankets; exceptionally choice, superlative quality; sacrifice, 9/9.
19/6 damp and dust-proof case, with luminous dial, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; worth £20/-; sacrifice, 19/6; week's free trial; approval willingly.
12/9 (Worth £23/-) Lady's 18-ct. Solid Gold hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-hoop Ring, claw setting, large lustrous stones; 12/9; approval.
11/9 (Worth £11/-) Navy Blue Serge full length, double width, superlative quality, suitable for lady's costume or dress length; sacrifice, 11/9; approval.
12/6 Lady's long Watch Guard, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case, solid links; so other, heavier, extra long, 17/6; approval.
59/6 dainty Drawing-room Cabinet, Opera Frame, Solid Oak, with 10-in. Turntable, powerful improved "Sound Box," 8-in. Disc, Tunes; originally £77/-; week's free trial; sacrifice, £21/6; approval.

DAVIS & Co. (141) Pawnbrokers, 28 DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1917.

ONE PENNY.

ON Monday *The Daily Mirror* will make a change in its price, in order not to have to make any change in its policy or standard of production.

"We have always endeavoured, irrespective of outlay, to give the public the best that the newest devices permit, in news-service, photography, paper, printing and all the general or special arts and appliances that are so constantly coming to the front, or being changed, in the ever-changing world of newspapers.

We do not want to have any lowering in that standard of our ambition. But, owing to war conditions, it is inevitable that picture papers with enormous circulations should be faced, either with such a lowering of standard, or else with a raising of price. All raw materials and almost every commodity, as our readers realise in their own private lives, have risen inconceivably in price. The cost of paper alone has gone up to the colossal extent of 200 per cent. It is not to be expected that the newspaper should be exempt from the general law of the time.

A first-class picture paper cannot avoid the use of materials that involve vast expenditure at any time. We have made a point always of using the best of everything. And now that everything has doubled, trebled or even quadrupled in cost, we want still to do full justice to the news and photographs that reach us; we want to keep to our special paper and ink which alone answer our needs. We want, as always, to avoid the second-rate and shoddy. This will be possible at the higher price.

We cannot doubt that our readers will support and approve the decision we have come to in these difficult times. They will agree that it is better to provide a picture paper, as good as it can be made, for a new but still a very low price, than to cling to a price that has no relation to the conditions of the hour, and only to be able, under these conditions, to supply a *Daily Mirror* not worthy of its record.

We are very sure that our kind friends will be no less kind to us in our new war figure. Better times will bring the better price again.

SEPARATION.

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shattered stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of oons.

Nor blame I Death, because he hars
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart:
He put our lives so far apart,
We cannot hear each other speak.

—TENNISON.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 23.—The vegetable garden should not only contain subjects that will prove useful during the summer and autumn, but must be planted and sown with plenty of root-crops (onions, potatoes, parsnips, carrots, etc.) for these will provide food during the winter months. At the same time a plan of the kitchen garden should be drawn and the positions and rotation of the various crops decided upon and noted.

Do not use ground now occupied by brussels sprouts and winter greens for subjects of the same class—such as cabbages and cauliflowers—but set it with potatoes or root crops. A position occupied last year by potatoes, beans or peas will, after being enriched, prove suitable for cabbages. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

And now, my brothers, you will ask, What in these desponding days can be done by us? The remedy is already declared in the ground of our complaint of the Church. We have contrasted the Church with the Soul. In the soul, then, let the redemption be sought. Wherever a man comes, there comes redemption. The old is for slaves. When a man comes all books are legible, all things transparent, all religions are forms. He is religious. Man is the wonder-worker. He is seen and missed. It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that he speaks, not spoke.—Emerson.

ALL THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

The P.M.'s Great Speech.

THE Prime Minister's great speech in the House of Commons yesterday on the restricted imports overshadowed every other topic of discussion in London last night. He was in tip-top form, smoothing down affected industries with honeyed words and closing his hour and a half's pronouncement with a peroration which thrilled the whole assembly.

Cheered by His Colleagues.

When he sat down I noticed Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law were among the men who heartily cheered him. The Premier had fortified himself with a big wad of notes, and just before he rose Colonel Craig brought him a glass of water.

"Crowded Out."

Although the floor was not filled to overflowing I observed unusual pressure on both

The King in the City.

The King had his traditional good weather yesterday morning when he rode, with the Queen, through the City to open the School of Oriental Studies at Finsbury-circus. I watched the Lord Mayor present the pearl-handled sword of the City to his Majesty outside Temple Gardens.

Colour on the Embankment.

It was a quaint and picturesque ceremony with a welcome touch of mediæval pageantry. The Lord Mayor looked a dignified and impressive figure in his white ermine robes, and the scarlet of the Sheriffs combined with the blue of the City Councillors to produce an effect of vivid colour rare in London now.

Our Popular Princess.

The King, who wore khaki, was looking, I thought, remarkably well. So, too, was the

'THE DAILY MIRROR' A PENNY IN WAR TIME



It will prove as indispensable as ever at the new price, but with all the old features and with the old high standard preserved.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

front benches. Little Mr. Josiah Twopenny Jones, the new Welsh Whip, perched himself on the bottom step of the Speaker's chair with Mr. Brace, the Under-Secretary for the Home Office, on the step just above him. For a time poor Mr. Balfour found himself "crowded out." Room, however, was soon made for the ex-Premier.

Distinguished Listeners.

There was a considerable muster of nobles in the Peers' Gallery, including Lord Emmott, Lord Harcourt and Lord Rhonda, while on the other side of the clock sat several distinguished visitors, including Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada. Behind the ladies' grille I saw full rows of women's faces.

Torpedo Talk.

"Vessels entered inwards," said the torpedo.

Timber Imports and Weather.

You would not think there would be any connection between the Prime Minister's prohibition and the weather. Yet an authority told me yesterday afternoon that if great areas of timber were felled the climate would become drier.

Princess Mary, who, wearing a dark coat with a fur collar, smilingly acknowledged the cheers of the crowd.

"Many Honourable Women."

I am glad to see that the heroism and sacrifice of the nurses at the various military hospitals have at last received public recognition. The Royal Red Cross Decoration has been awarded to some hundreds of these ladies—a fitting testimonial to their services, for if our soldiers are the heroes of the war our nurses are its heroines.

Canadians at the Empress Club.

I hear that the Empress Club are entertaining 200 Canadian officers on Sunday afternoon. A first-class programme has been arranged by Miss Sybil Duncombe, and a number of well-known women have offered their services as waitresses.

"Young England's" Composer.

The transfer of "Young England" to Drury Lane reminds me that the composer, Mr. Herbert Bath, was not there to see how the piece "went." The reason was that he is now in France with his unit. Mr. Bath, I hear, has another comic opera of an English type on the stocks.



Countess Cadogan, who will fill all the Ritz on Tuesday for the Women's War Fund.



Sir Maurice Fitzmaurice, who has been appointed chairman of the Committee for the Control of Canada.

Rag-Time Sculpture.

Workshippers of the antique object to Mr. J. Epstein's description of his much-discussed rag-time marble statue at the Leicester Galleries as "Venus." Why not call it Carara-boom-de-ay?

A Versatile Artist.

Miss Margaret Morris, whose season at her little theatre in Chelsea is the delight of artistic London, is a versatile lady. The whole entertainment is her own creation. She dances superbly. She has trained her whole company. She has invented the dances, designed the costumes, painted the back-grounds, drawn the cover of the programme, and composed the music for "Angkor," the crowning gem of the entertainments.

Jolly and Gay.

I was struck with the very appropriate names of two of her dancers—Miss Flossie Jolly and Miss Phoebe Gaye. 'It is indeed a merry company. The jolliest and gayest of all is Miss Kathleen Dillon. She is the personification of the Spirit of the Dance. She is typically English.

Ciro's Cabaret.

Next Saturday night *Ciro's* opens as a cabaret. Mlle. Odette Myrtil and an all-star company will perform to a gathering that promises to be crowded.

A New Fad?

Should pets be taken to the theatre? The young actor who plays eight parts nightly at the Ambassadors, Mr. Murri Moncrieff, told me yesterday that he saw a bejewelled beauty in the stalls nursing a tiny monkey!

Still Misleading.

"The Misleading Lady" misled the critics badly when she came to town. She will lead the public to the Playhouse for the 200th time on Monday night. And most of the critics thought she would suffer an early death.

Henson Back.

I hear that Mr. Leslie Henson, the Gaiety comedian, returns to "Theodore and Co." tonight. He has been away for a month at Clacton-on-Sea shaking off a nervous breakdown.

A Flying Joel.

I hear from France that young Mr. Wolf Joel, son of Mr. "Solly" Joel, is winning golden opinions in the Flying Corps. The Huns hate him for his fearless work, so he is perfectly happy.

Silver and Gold.

I passed Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in the Strand yesterday. "What a fortune he would make in war time," said a friend, "if he would only write another 'Silver King'!"

A Complimentary Luncheon.

I was present at the complimentary luncheon to Mr. S. Elias to celebrate the million and a half circulation of *John Bull*. Mr. Bottomley made a characteristic speech. Sir Henry Dalziel and Mr. Kennedy Jones also paid Mr. Elias handsome compliments.

"The Spring Song."

I must confess that "The Spring Song" at the Aldwych left me somewhat bewildered. Nevertheless, one of the most fashionable audiences of the season laughed heartily at the comic situations and the clever acting of Miss Enid Bell, Mr. C. M. Robson, and the rest.

In Front.

Amongst those "in front" were the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Sarah Mounsey, Lady Titchborne, the Earl of Cork and Lord Herschel. Everybody seemed to remark on the wonderful youth of Miss Ada Blancher, who made slender opportunities. THE



Miss Ada Blancher.

DECORATING WIDOW OF HEROIC IRISHMAN.

1936 3 H



Major General C. B. Doran decorated Mrs. Walsh with the Military Cross awarded to her late husband, a brave Irishman, who was a regimental sergeant-major in the Canadian forces. He continued to discharge his duties after being severely wounded. The ceremony took place in public at Cork, the Lord Mayor and a large number of officers being present.

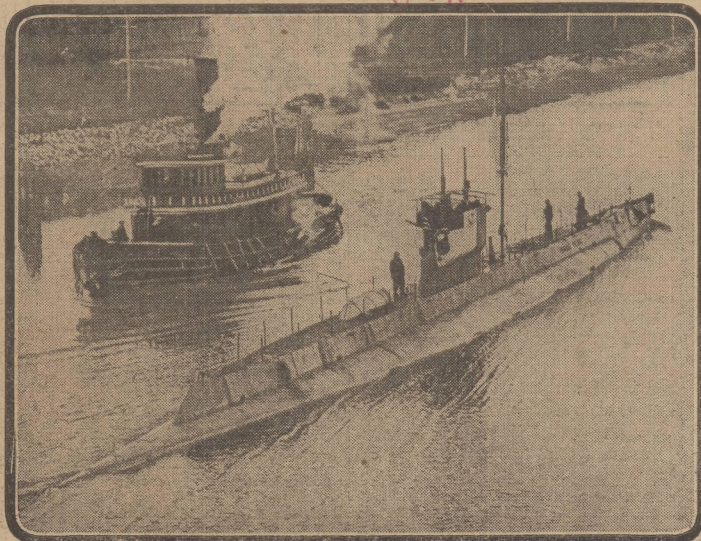
1936 3 H



receiving the Cross after ceremony.

SPAIN IS BUILDING MANY SUBMARINES NOW.

1936 3 H



A new Spanish submarine passing through the Cape Cod Canal. A large number of under-water craft are being added to King Alfonso's navy.

BERLIN SHORT



Boys and cadets set to clear away the snow. The old m

WORKING ON A SICK B

1936 3 H



Captain Miriam Booth, General Booth's daughter, who, although confined to her bed, is taking an active part in the self-denial campaign.

AN INTERESTING S



Wedding group showing Major W. A. Pillar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Al

HEROINES OF REBELLION

1936 3 H



Miss Louisa Nolan;



Miss Florence W

Both women, who displayed great courage during the Irish rebellion, are to be decorated with the Military Medal by the King to-day.

STREET CLEANERS.



Local residential thoroughfares in Berlin. Superintendent.

TRY FOR HIM WHEN WELL.



poilu is wounded his belongings are collected and earmarked against the time his recovery.—(French War Office.)

WEDDING AT PERTH



(ment), and his bride, Miss Beatrice Pulch.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

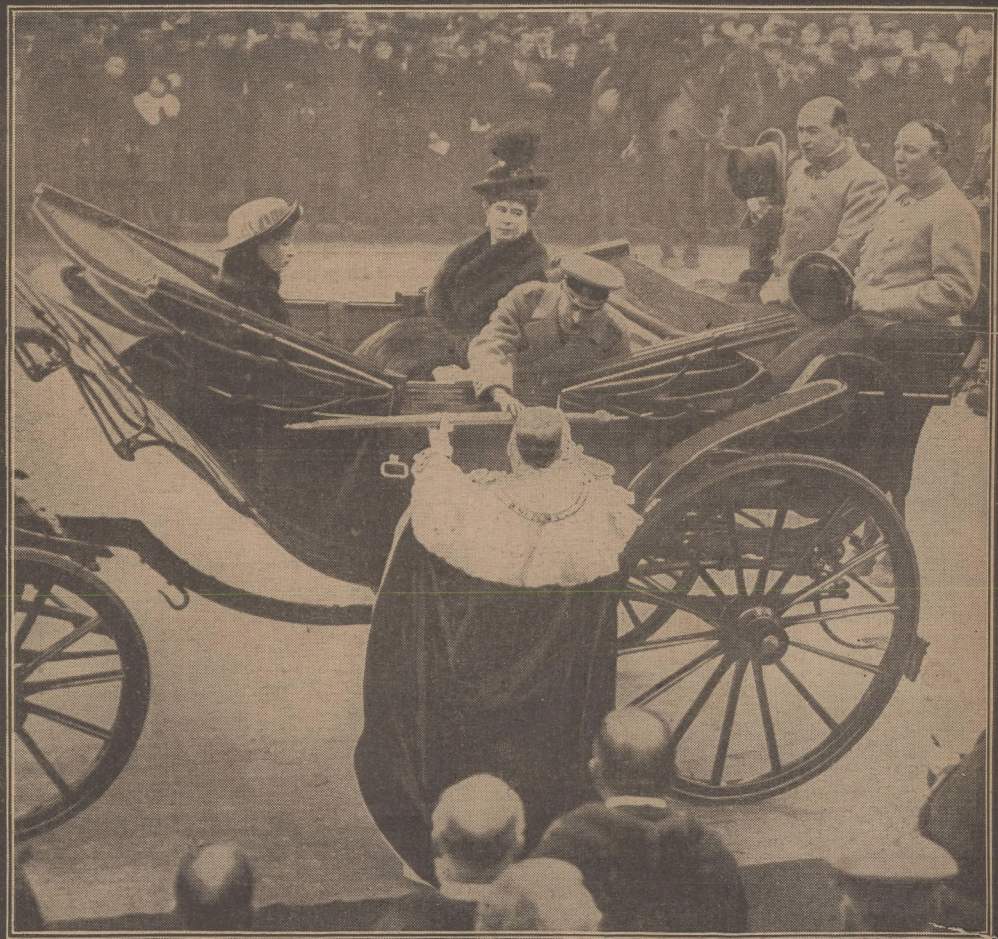
IN THE WAR NEWS.



ment W. Powell, a n, R.F.C., killed. He was a at Leeds University.

Sergeant A. Pirt, D.C.M. (Grenadiers), now awarded the French Medaille Militaire.

THE KING RECEIVES CITY'S ANCIENT SWORD.



The King, with whom were the Queen and Princess Mary, drove to Finsbury-circus yesterday to inaugurate the new School of Oriental Studies at the London Institute, and at the Embankment boundary received the City sword at the hands of the Lord Mayor, a ceremony which has not taken place since the outbreak of war. The sword was originally presented to the City by Queen Elizabeth.

"AND THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."



This is how they got it there in Holland. It travelled in luxury, a comfortable straw bed-being laid on the floor of the pen.

A NOVEL "FLAG" DAY.



A munition girl who will sell mrs. on Tuesday.

A black and white illustration of a domestic scene. On the left, a man in a long, light-colored coat and a hat stands with his hands behind his back, looking towards the center. In the center, a man sits on a wooden box, wearing a dark jacket and trousers, looking up at the standing man. On the right, a woman in a patterned dress and a white apron stands holding a cup and saucer, looking towards the men. In the bottom left corner, a dog lies on the floor. The background features a fireplace with a mantel, a window with a flower box, and a wooden chair. The artist's signature 'W. B. R. 1896' is in the bottom right corner.

Pink Packet	10 for 4d
Blue do.	10 for 3½d

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CINEMA Operators.—Great demand; either sex. Call.

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CINEMA Operators.—Great demand; either sex.—Call or write to train, Victoria Studios, 36, Rathbone-pl., W.

THE PHANTOM LOVER.



By RUBY M. AYRES.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

MICKY MELLOWES, a rich bachelor, who, in all the good things of life, is able to help **ESTHER SHEPSTONE**, a beautiful girl, who is earning her own living. Esther has given up her employment because she is going to be married to **RAYMOND ASHTON**, a good-for-nothing fellow who is going to throw the girl over.

JUNE MASON, who is Micky's friend, becomes Esther's friend.

Micky confesses to June Mason that he loves Esther. Driver tells Micky that the announcement of Ashton's marriage has appeared in the papers. Micky and June arrange to get Esther away from London, in order that she may not learn about Raymond's treachery. When Esther and Micky are out alone, Micky tells her that he is in love with her. Esther hears two men talking of Raymond's marriage.

She rushes away, and starts for Paris. Micky follows and catches her up at Calais. Esther is very angry when Micky tells her that Raymond is unfaithful; then she breaks down and sobs bitterly.

Before the train arrives in Paris Micky confesses that he wrote the letters which he so delighted Esther.

ESTHER'S GREAT ORDEAL.

It seemed a long, long moment of silence following Micky's broken confession. He dared not look at Esther, though she was staring at him, staring hard, with a curious sort of wonderment in her blue eyes. Then all at once she began to laugh, a laugh which held no real mirth, only a cynical sort of incredulity.

"Micky raised his head sharply, and suddenly she was silenced, almost as if someone had struck the sound from her lips.

For a second they stared at one another; then Micky said hoarsely—

"You don't believe me"; and then again, more slowly: "You mean that you—don't believe—me?"

But there was no need for her to answer. He knew by the expression of her face that she thought he had simply made this an excuse in order to try and keep her from seeing Raymond.

He half rose to his feet.

"Esther, I implore you."

She moved back a little from him.

"It was clever of you—to think of such an excuse," she said unevenly. "Too clever—and that's why I don't believe you."

"It's the truth; I swear it if I never speak again. I know now that I must have been out of my mind to attempt such a thing, but it has only seemed quite so impossible since you showed me how little you thought of me. I wrote those letters—every one of them. I—"

In the excitement of the moment neither of them had noticed that the train had reached its destination and was slowly stopping.

A voluble porter had already wrenched open the door and was imploring monsieur to accept his services; it was impossible to say any more to Esther.

Micky followed her out on to the platform; he felt as he looked at her that the last shred of his patience and tenderness had been killed.

She did not believe him—whatever he said she would never believe him; it was useless to waste his breath; he might as well give up and let her go her own way; perhaps a sharp lesson would teach her better and more quickly than all his love and patience had been able to do.

He was tired and dispirited and hungry, and hunger alone makes a man angry; he looked at the girl for whose sake he had risked all these wild-goose miles of chase, and an almost morose longing to hurt her, to let her suffer one-tenth of what he had suffered during the past weeks, rose in his heart.

She did not believe in him; she disliked and distrusted him; well—let her go to Ashton, then, and see for herself the sort of man to whom she had given her love.

He spoke with sudden impulse.

"I won't bother you with my unwelcome company any longer. You will be able to get some breakfast in the restaurant, and—and you will find that most people here understand English. . . . Good-bye."

Esther gave a little gasp—

"You're not going—to leave me here—alone?"

The hardness of his eyes did not soften.

"You are not trying to tell me that you wish me to stay with you, surely?" he submitted dryly.

She raised her head at once.

"Certainly not; after all, it's your own fault you came at all."

He did not answer, perhaps he could not trust himself to answer; he raised his hat and turned away unseeing, and Esther clutched her suitcase tightly and walked away with her head in the air, trying to look as if she knew every inch of the Gare du Nord and had been there thousands of times before.

But her heart was beating up in her throat, choking her, and in spite of everything she would have given a great deal, had it been com-

patible with dignity, to rush back after him and beg him to stay with her.

Her thoughts were confused and unreal; the one fact that she kept clearly before her was that she did not and must not believe anything Micky had told her, that he had worked for his own ends all along.

She wandered out of the station, not knowing where to go; Raymond seemed somehow to have faded into the background; she only thought of him subconsciously; it was the figure of Micky Mellowes that worried her—she could not forget him—she could not shut out the memory of his eyes and his voice.

Supposing he really had written those letters?—supposing. "But he didn't, he didn't," she told herself in an agony. "I know he didn't—how could I have been so deceived."

She took one of the letters from her suitcase and stared at it; the handwriting; Raymond's writing—the whole thing was too preposterous; she passed a bewildered hand across her eyes.

She did not know what she meant to do, or where she meant to go; somehow it no longer seemed possible that she had come here for any specific purpose; she walked a long way without noticing in the least where she was going.

The early morning greyness and chilliness had faded; the sun had risen and cleared away the mists.

She found herself in some gardens where an elderly man was feeding sparrows; she sat down on a bench and watched him.

She had the curious feeling that this rush over to Paris had only been something at which she had looked on, and in which she had never participated. It seemed years and years ago that she went down to Ennere with June, since she sat in the little inn with Micky and heard those two men talking.

The hot blood beat into her cheeks as she remembered something that for that moment she had almost forgotten—that Raymond Ashton was married!

She tried to stand aside and look at the fact calmly; to examine her own feelings and find out just how she felt about it.

But she could not face it at all—whenever she tried to focus her mind on it, it dissolved and slipped away from her like a vapoury cloud.

The man gave the sparrows his last crumbs and went away. The little brown bird came hopping to Esther's feet, looking up at her with bright, pertinent eyes, as if expecting her to supply a further meal, but she hardly saw them. She felt as if she were living through a dream—as if she could not move and walk away till it had come to an end.

Raymond was married! He had never loved her, after all; he never wrote to her; never tried to see her again; that was what Micky asked her to believe; but he was lying, she knew. She clung desperately to that conviction.

She felt that she would die of shame if the very next moment when she was forced to admit that she had wronged him. She wanted to believe the worst of him; she wanted to prove beyond doubt that what he had done had been for his own sake and selfishness, never for her!

The sun faded and went in, and a few drops of rain came pattering down. She rose then and began to walk on slowly. The light suitcase seemed to have grown heavy since yesterday.

Once she stopped to rest.

At the back of her mind was the frightened knowledge that she was alone in Paris; that she had nowhere to go and nobody to turn to now that Micky had deserted her; but as yet it was only in the background. Raymond was somewhere, perhaps quite close; but now she no longer felt that she wanted to go to him. The words of the note she had left off yesterday for June floated into her mind.

"I cannot bear it any longer—so I have gone to him"—it seemed impossible that such a few hours ago she had felt and written like that. Now she was here—now she was actually in the Paris where she had so longed to be during the past weeks, all emotion seemed to have died within her; she felt as if she had been looking on at a drama that had been enacted in the life of another woman.

A CHANCE MEETING.

FURTHER on she found another bench under some trees and sat down again; she opened the little suitcase and took out a bundle of Micky's letters. . . . Micky's! No, Raymond's! . . . Oh, whose letters were they?

She sorted them through and found the one that had been written from the hotel in Paris to which she had replied; as she read it through again its fond words seemed to take on a new meaning.

"Some day, if all that I wish for comes true, I will tell you the many things you would not let me say when we were last together. . . ."

The one sentence caught her eye; she wondered that she had never before thought how unlike Raymond this was; she could not remember that she had ever tried to check him when he had wished to say the things which her heart had so often ached to hear; why was it she had not realised before that Raymond could never have written this?

She closed her eyes with a little sick feeling; why was she thinking that? She did not believe Micky—she would not believe him; she thrust the letters away again; if she could only know, if something would but happen to make her sure—either one way or the other.

Somewhere in the distance a church clock chimed; Esther found herself mechanically counting the bells—nine, ten, eleven! All those hours since Micky had left her at the station. She was cold and hungry, but somehow it did not seem to matter; she felt as if there was a great, unanswered question in her mind which she must settle now and for ever.

Presently she rose and walked on again; she

turned out of the gardens and found herself in a street of shops. One or two people looked at her curiously; she was so pale and there was such an absent, weary look in her eyes.

Hardly knowing that she did so, she stopped and looked in at a jeweller's window; there were trays and trays of precious stones—flashing diamonds that made her eyes ache; she felt her own ring beneath the glove—she had worn that ring so long now! She wondered how she would feel when she had to take it off. Of course, she could not go on wearing it if Raymond was really married. She wondered what he would do with her ring; if she sent it back to him—if he would give it to his wife—if it were really true that he had a wife!

Micky had once gone into a pond on a bitter night to save a kitten from drowning; she wondered what made her remember that; she did not realise that she was suffering so much in a which June had told her that the little action of which June had told her with such pride came back to her by force of the contrast between the two men.

The man who could save a drowning kitten would never hurt a woman so that she could hardly think or feel; June had claimed for Micky that he was the best man in the world.

"But I don't believe in him—I don't believe anything he says," Esther told herself feverishly; she moved on again away from the trays of flashing diamonds.

Two girls passing her were chattering in French—Esther looked after them vaguely.

This was really Paris—this rather noisy, confusing place; the Paris she had longed to see; she was really here at last, in the fairy city where she had pictured all her dreams coming true; but she was alone—with nowhere to go—and nobody in all the length and breadth of its beauty and gaiety that wanted her or cared what became of her.

Once before, when she had met Micky on that fateful New Year's Eve, she had felt like this; utterly alone. She had so often thought of it since, and wondered what would have become of her had he not walked into her life at that moment.

Whatever he had done since, he had saved her then from the depths of despair; it was strange that now when she had insulted him and thrown his friendship in his face, she should find herself thinking of him as he had been on that eventful night.

She had liked him well then, and trusted him—but that was all before she ever knew the truth, before she found out that he was a rich man, and that his interest in her had all been feigned.

Would things have been any different, she wondered dearly, if he had really been a poor man, and unhappy and down on his luck, as she was? What was he doing now? What was he thinking? There had been nothing but hard impatience in his kind eyes when he turned away and left her two hours ago. Evidently he had not been able to make further allowances

for her—or to realise that she was almost at the end of her tether, worn out, and stricken to the very heart. She shivered and fastened the big collar of her coat more closely round her throat.

Her thoughts went back inconspicuously to the night in June's room when she had first tried it on—to the look in Micky's eyes.

He had allowed her to think Raymond had sent it to her, while all the time . . . The realisation that it, too, must have come from Micky hit her like a blow; unconsciously she stood still on the crowded pathway, staring before her with blank eyes.

Micky had given her this coat—perhaps, too, it was Micky's money that had paid for her rooms and the very food she had eaten—Micky who . . . she had sneered at and hated and—struck!

A man passing stared at her, half stopped, went on again, then turned, paused irresolutely, and finally came back.

He walked quickly till he drew abreast with her, and there was a curious sort of eagerness in his face as he stooped a little to look down at hers; then he gave an odd little laugh of sheer amazement.

"Lullie! Good heavens! What in the world are you doing here?"

It was Raymond Ashton.

Do not fail to read Monday's instalment of this great story. It is of special interest, and will be much longer than usual.

IT IS DELIGHTFUL

to feel that you are looking your best wherever you may be, and you have this satisfaction when you use

TETLOW'S
SWAN DOWN

FACE POWDER

IMPARTS A DELICATE BLOOM TO THE COMPLEXION. SO PURE THAT IT WILL NOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

In Five Tints—
White, Cream,
Pink, Flesh
and Brunette

per
7½
box



Of Stores, Chemists & Perfumers everywhere.
Wholesale Agents, H. C. Quetch & Co., 4 & 5, Ludgate Sq., E.C.

Prevents Waste of Wheat.

War bread makes better use of wheat than white bread. Hovis makes better use of wheat than War bread. Do not confound Hovis Bread with "brown" bread. Hovis has the digestibility of white bread and much more than the nourishment of Brown Bread.

And then that delicious flavour of

HOVIS

Bread!

BAKED DAILY BY ALL LEADING BAKERS.

"TAKE A SHARE OF THE SACRIFICE."

Mr. Lloyd George's Call to the British People.

"A BLACK CRIME."

(Continued from page 3.)

First, there were the questions of timber and minerals, with which he had already dealt. Next was the paper both for newspapers and packages, which absorbed an enormous amount of tonnage.

He could not say whether he ought to treat newspapers as a luxury, a comfort, a stimulant or a necessity of life—(laughter)—but still there was no doubt they had been an enormous asset in the effective waging of the war.

The Government had come to the conclusion that there must be substantial reduction in the import of paper materials.

They proposed to reduce the 1914 supply by 50 per cent., thereby limiting the import to 640,000 tons. (Cheers.)

Mr. Lloyd George then announced the restrictions.

We should have to depend more largely on home-produced meat, which would effect saving in cattle feeding stuffs.

The beer production of the country would be reduced to 10,000,000 barrels, which would effect a saving of 600,000 tons of foodstuffs.

TO-MORROW'S FEATURES.

Special contributions in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* include—

The Red Light: Plots Against the Premier. By Horatio Bottomley.

The Greatest Result of the War: A Novel Conclusion. By Austin Harrison.

Honour the Merchant Seaman: A Tribute to Our Mariners. By L. Cope Cornford.

Why We Wear Uniforms. By a Khaki Girl.

which was equivalent to nearly a month's supply of cereals.

A corresponding reduction would take place in the release of spirits from bond.

It was inevitable that we would have to inflict injury on the trade of our Allies and Dominions.

But if it meant victory the peoples of these countries would face it. If this programme were carried out then he could honestly say we could face the worst the enemy could do.

Unless the nation was prepared to take its share of sacrifice, then the sacrifice of the flower of our people in the fields of war would be in vain.

It would be a crime—a black crime—for any Government to ask these brave men to risk their lives in the coming conflict if they knew that because of the faint heart and selfishness of the nation their sacrifices would be thrown away. (Loud cheers.)

FOOD PRICES FALLING.

How Voluntary Rationing Is Making Things Cheaper.

A food conscience is developing throughout the country.

The public is at last fully alive to the seriousness of Lord Devonport's appeal to the honour and patriotism of the nation to limit its consumption of food to the rations allowance he has suggested.

At Smithfield Market yesterday best English fowls were quoted at 1s. to 1s. 3d., turkeys in exceptionally fine condition at 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d., and goslings at 11d. and 1s. per pound.

"We are certainly beginning to feel the effects of the Food Controller's rations scheme in our sales," said a West End stores manager, "for they are dwindling daily."

A feature of one store is its offer of boneless beef, which is described as "the most economical wartime ration."

Fish is a little cheaper. Scotch salmon, which is now in season, is being sold at 2s. 1d. per lb. for a whole fish. Bloaters and kippers are 2d. each.

English new laid eggs vary from 2s. 6d. to 3s. or dozen.

THE ARRESTS IN IRELAND.

An official statement issued yesterday in connection with the recent arrests under the Defence of the Realm Regulations points out that persons whose behaviour is of such a nature as to give reasonable grounds for suspecting that they are acting, or is about to act, prejudicial to the public safety or to the defence of the country may be arrested.

Persons so arrested will be prohibited from residing in Ireland, and they have been given their place in England where they may

CREAM OF THE MEAT

SWISS A Beef Suet ready to use. No waste, no water. 2 lbs. the raw net. Keep for months. 1/2 lb. in 1 lb. boxes, 1/4, 1/2 lb.

"HONOURABLY DISCHARGED."



The new certificate which is given to men who are discharged from the Army on account of wounds.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

PRETTY SUMMER FASHIONS FROM PARIS.



In straw and silk with ribbon ends for ornaments.—(Varon.)



Sailor hat in silver-grey with narrow brim and high crown.—(Varon.)



The brim of this hat is transparent close to the face. This is quite a new note.—(Varon.)



Raglan for a young girl in green checks. The skirt is cut in front to show the green lining.



Convalescence The right food

AFTER illness the digestive tract remains weak for a considerable period. Restoration to health is often seriously retarded by failure to take the right food.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is the most successful nourishment for use in convalescence; this palatable and easily prepared milk and wheaten food supplies complete nutriment in a form that is assimilated by the delicate stomach without difficulty or distaste. Digestion is thus strengthened and lost vigour regained.

The Food that Rebuilds.

'Allenburys' DIET
For Adults

No Cooking or Over's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In tins at 10, 8, and 4 each of Chemists, Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.

Brown & Polson Patent Corn Flour

Hints on Corn Flour.

If you knew the economy and daintiness of Corn Flour cookery you would use it every day.

Corn Flour makes the most of milk; it makes cheese dishes that are more nutritious than meat. For light and digestible supper dishes, using up cold vegetables and saving waste, it is incomparable.

A Corn Flour omelette saves eggs and uses up odds and ends of cold meat. Plain Corn Flour pudding with jam is capital for children.

FREE OFFER.—Write to Brown & Polson, Paisley, for their "K" booklet of new economical savoury dishes, free.

Buy the pound packets for economy, cash price 7d.; half pounds cost 4d.



When you bake use "Paisley Flour"—the sure raising powder.

MACKINTOSH'S
"Cosy Evenings and Toffee de Luxe—Lovely."
TOFFEE de LUXE

THE RED LIGHT: BY MR. BOTTOMLEY, IN THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

PLAYED **P1,000** TIMES. **P19074**



Miss Mary O'Farrell, who is playing in "Peg o' My Heart." It reaches its 1,000th performance to-night, and will be withdrawn next week. (Collier.)

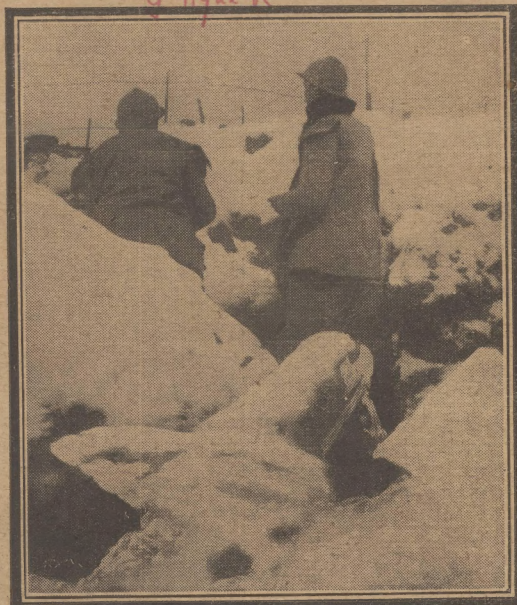
MET ON THE BATTLEFIELD. **P19263** **P19263 H**



Gunner William Brown (hair brushed back) and his brother, Gunner John Brown, of Blyth, who met unexpectedly in France after being separated for five years. Both, unknown to each other, took part in the retreat from Mons, and both have won the D.C.M.

Daily Mirror

A COLD JOB FOR THE POILUS. **P11922 R**



French signalmen at work amid the snow on the Somme front. The temperature when the photograph was taken was 15deg. below zero.

'DOWN WITH IT NOW' **P236 B**



"Swallow," says the keeper to a king penguin which has just arrived at the Scottish National Zoological Park from the Antarctic.

TWO "PADRES" IN THE NEWS. **P19363 H** **P19363 H**



The Rev. Herbert Reid, M.C., of Port Glasgow, appointed a deputy assistant principal chaplain, a position which carries the rank of lieutenant-colonel.



The Rev. R. F. Ashley Spencer, vicar of Tyler's Green, Bucks, aged sixty, the oldest naval chaplain, who has just been presented with a war badge.

ITALIAN RED CROSS MEN ON SKIS. **P11918 B**



Carrying a wounded man back to the base on a stretcher. These hardy mountaineers, bring the men down from the heights where, of course, no ambulance could possibly be driven. Countless men owe their lives to the bearers' skill.

BARONET'S GIFT OF LAND TO NATION. **P1342 F**



The most beautiful part of Exmoor has been placed in the guardianship of the National Trust by the owner, Sir Thomas Acland. The thatched cottage is typical of the district, which lies in the shelter of the great beacon.

LIEUTENANT, THREE N.C.O.s AND FOUR MEN MISSING—RELATIVES SEEK NEWS. **P19152 B** **P19152 B** **P19152 B** **P19152 B**



Pl. O. Randall (West Kent), to E. Randall, 13, Perry-road, Coleridge, Birmingham.



2nd Lieut. W. H. Davey (London Regt.), Write to Mrs. Davey, 25, Church-street, Lee, London.



Sergt. A. J. Dart (Derbyshire), Write to 13, Diamond Jubilee-terrace, Bath-road, Bridgwater, Somerset.



Plt. H. Young (Border Regt.), Write to Pear Tree Cottage, Small Lodge, Upwell, near Wisbech.



Lee. Sgt. Whatley (Wiltshire Regt.), missing. Write to Miss Godman, 10, Manor-road, Bourne-mouth.



Plt. Duthie (Gordon Highlanders), Write to 388, Laburnum-grove, North End, Forth-mouth.



Plt. Deeley (North Staffs Regt.), Write to Mrs. Deeley, 201, Queen's-road, Beighton, near Sheffield.



Plt. A. Brown (Suffolk), Write to Mrs. Clarke Brown, The Green, Wood-gow, Middlesbrough, Suffolk.